

# THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING



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The committee in charge of THE GREEN CALDRON includes GLENN SANDSTROM, CARL MOON, GEORGE ESTEY, JAMES MACINTYRE, and STEWART DODGE, Editor.

# How to be a Monday-Morning Quarterback

ROBERT H. CRISPIN  
*Rhetoric 101*

EVERY COLLEGE CAMPUS IN THE NATION HAS ITS SHARE of people who know more about football than do the players and the coaches who are paid to build a football team. The task of these Monday-morning quarterbacks is two-fold: (1) to destroy any morale a losing team's fans may possess and (2) to promote the general misery which results from the unsuccessful efforts of the team. In order to accomplish this end, the modern MMQB must be a sharp, biting, and relentless critic, and, as you will see, something of a coward.

Let us assume that your school's team takes a terrible beating some autumn Saturday. You remain calm and collected that evening, coldly planning your attack. Monday morning you saunter forth . . . ready.

Approaching some friend who looks responsive and whose friendship you do not highly value, you begin to sing the school's loyalty song or Alma Mater, modifying the words for the purpose at hand. For instance, let us butcher a couple of hypothetical verses:

*"Fling out our banner, let it wave free on high;  
Our motto 'Honor' echoes back from the sky . . ."*

may be changed to

*"Bring out the stretchers for our brave, noble men  
Who must be carried from the field once again . . ."*

or you may twist:

*"We pledge to thee our loyalty for now and evermore,  
Though we may see great royalty on many a distant shore . . ."*

into

*"We send to thee our sympathy for every coming game;  
The line looks rather 'limpa-thy,' the backfield kinda lame . . ."*

You will find such modifications easy to accomplish because most loyalty songs are slushy, if not idiotic, and ideally suited to mutilation.

Now that your listener is softened up, and possibly even chuckling, you turn, with vigor, upon the coach. NEVER CREDIT THE COACH! If your team's coach uses a single-wingback offense, you demand he switch to the "modern" (use that word; it carries a lot of weight these days) "T" formation; and if he favors the "T," you must maintain that his material is more suited to the single-wing. Use such terms as "man-in-motion," "unbalanced line to the



right," and "fake pitchout and a naked reverse after the handoff" in such a manner that your listener will think you know what you are talking about.

You may be forced to grant that the team made one good play, but you must never admit complete defeat at any point. Rather, you land a haymaker while backing off, such as, "Sure, Washwashky made a nice tackle on Inglebrott; it was the only tackle he made all afternoon, of course, but . . ."

Chastened, your listener will hold his peace, and you are free to take shots at the team's star back. You declare that he does not follow his blockers, few as they may be (a backhanded slap at the line), and when he is hit he just falls down without a fight. You explain these inadequacies on the part of the best player the school has ever had by mentioning the fact that he has probably been "reading his clippings," and though you would not say he was conceited, you must admit that he certainly is "stuck on himself."

These few examples should get you started on the road to repulsiveness. Remember, however, to discontinue your discourse should the coach or a player appear within earshot. Either of these nincompoops would probably laugh aloud at you. At a time like this, rather than risk the possibility of your bluff being called, you collapse into respectful silence, and quietly steal away.

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## The Mountain and the Ego

RICHARD WHITE

*Rhetoric 100, Theme No. 1*

TO MANY OF THE PEOPLE IN THE MIDWEST, THE WORD "mountain" is synonymous with bleak or imposing. In most cases these opinions were derived from having read about the subject. Mountains are generally depicted as natural barriers against an enemy or as an obstacle which diversifies the weather. To me, however, they are the castle walls behind which is hidden much of our natural beauty.

Like most truly lovely things in life, the beauty remains well hidden from the distant viewer. From a distant perspective the upper ranges of the Rocky Mountains appear only as a long, blue ridge. This impression is one which is so lasting that we are often taken aback when the base is reached. Here, though, Nature seems to show at last her respect for our persistence, unfolding the delicacies of her high garden of Eden.

The gentle beauty of a common wildflower is uniquely set off by the harsh rock formation. The air seems to be refreshed, carrying on it the pure smell of the forests above. The streams rush to some unknown destination and the stillness is almost tangible.

All the foregoing seems to be only an introduction once the summit is reached. The world appears to be canopied by clouds which are supported by

# Black Welcome Mat

ROGER SHEAHEN  
*Rhetoric 101, Theme No. 1*

IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL HOUSE, WELL BUILT AND SITUATED in a lovely suburban community. The real estate broker didn't see how he could miss on a quick sale. But prospect after prospect had the same comment: "It's a wonderful house, but it just doesn't seem like a home."

Brokers all over the country are having the same problem. But many have found the solution: a blacktop driveway. For those of you who don't know, blacktop is a mixture of tar, sand, and gravel. A blacktop drive does something for a house which no other type of paving can do. It lends a "homey" feeling to the house. Its soft blackness seems to reach out and give the passerby an invitation to come in and visit. Other paving substances which are hard and glaring are little more than a continuation of the street in front of the house. Blacktop is a sort of "black welcome mat" into the home.

To me, the making of a blacktop driveway has been one of the most satisfying experiences I have had. When our crew comes up to the house, we see it just as the broker's prospects saw it, but we visualize the roadway which will enhance the charm of the house, the blacktop drive which we are about to build.

Then we start to work. Into the stubborn earth we put the stubborn energy of our backs. Digging out a rock here, filling in a hole there, we form the pathway of the drive. Sometimes it seems monotonous, even useless, but we know that if the drive is to be free of ugly and annoying pot-holes during its years of service it must be level from the start, even to the bare earth.

When the pathway has been leveled, we straighten our aching backs and "look her over." But there is more shovel work ahead. A ten-ton dump truck pulls up with a full load of number four stone. These are large stones which will provide a good solid base for our drive. But they are extremely difficult to spread and they, too, must be level. After there is a layer of about seven inches of this stone, we roll it down. Rolling packs the stone and makes it more solid. It also gives us a chance to fill in any "low spots" which might have been overlooked.

By this time, more trucks have pulled up carrying number fourteen stone, which is a mixture of very small screenings and quarter-inch limestone chips. This stone is spread by the trucks, but it must be raked out and leveled by hand. Then the roller comes onto the rapidly materializing driveway again. Its purpose this time is to push the "fourteens" down into the spaces between the big stones to serve as a sort of bond and to make the base or foundation of the drive even more solid.



Then we all sit back and relax because the "gravy job" is coming. A truck pulls up towing a smoking-hot tar kettle of MCO, which is a light tar. One man stands at the pump while another sprays the black MCO lightly over our nice, white stone base. The MCO serves a dual purpose: it holds together any loose screenings on the top of the drive, and it also serves as a bond between the base and the blacktop so that the blacktop will not "shift" once it is put down.

All at once the gravy job is over. The blacktop is here. Putting blacktop down is hard, fast, and hot work because it comes to us at a temperature of about three hundred and fifty degrees and it must be put down before it cools or it will be too hard to work and the finished drive will be coarse and lumpy. Three men again put their backs to the shovels, facing the searing heat of the truckload of blacktop. They put the load, shovelful by shovelful, into neat piles so that two other men armed with wide blades can rake it out until it is two inches deep and as level as they can possibly make it. This raking, or "luting" as it is sometimes called, is what "makes" the appearance of the finished drive. The roller follows the rakers as closely as possible so that the blacktop will be packed while it is still hot. This insures the solid packing which gives the smooth, glossy surface characteristic of good blacktop drives.

When the blacktop is all down we relax, a little worn after the furious pace we have been keeping. But we watch diligently as the roller finishes packing down "our baby." The least little mar on our drive would be like running that four-tun roller over a right arm. The driveway is a part of us; it is something which we have made, something of which we are proud. We finish the rolling, give our drive its final once-over inspection, throw the equipment on the trucks and head for the yard. As we drive away, we momentarily glance back at the newly transformed "home." Our work is done and the broker will soon find a new owner for the house and its "black welcome mat."

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### MY FAVORITE HUNTING

Being a woman, I'm most interested in the sport of hunting—men. To me, there is nothing more thrilling, more exciting, more adventurous, or that requires more cunning and skill than the stalking of men.

There are several physical characteristics which a girl must possess. These must be either supplied by nature or, for the less fortunate, by artificial means. A pair of long eyelashes suitable for batting, legs that do more than take a person where she wants to go, a silhouette that is accentuated in the right places, a walk that has both a forward and a lateral movement—these are examples of the most necessary characteristics. Then there are the requirements a woman must acquire and perfect through diligent practice or varied experience: the toothy smile; the adjustable personality; the sugary, sweet Southern accent; and the helpless, "You big, strong man, you," attitude.

JUDY BERKELHAMER, 102

# Hayseed

SUE LEICHTMAN

*Rhetoric 102, Theme No. 10*

"SPEAKER JOSEPH GURNEY CANNON WAS A HARD-boiled hayseed who made himself the autocrat of the House. . . . He won the nickname of 'Foul-mouthed Joe' for his barnyard talk."<sup>1</sup> While reading about his life, I found an autobiography that Cannon once dictated. It said, "Mr. Cannon was born of God-fearing and man-loving parents. He made himself and did a darn poor job of it."<sup>2</sup> However, by comparing this latter statement to his actual biography, one can see that this is an extremely inaccurate picture of his life.

Joseph Gurney Cannon was born May 7, 1836, in New Garden, North Carolina.<sup>3</sup> When he was young, his family, who were devout Quakers, moved west because slavery wasn't in accordance with their faith. They traveled by wagon over the National Turnpike, and settled in Annapolis, Indiana. While they were there, Joseph's father, who was a doctor, tried to ride across a rain-swollen stream to help a patient and was drowned.

Cannon quit school and went to work so his brother could continue with his education. He got a job in a grocery store, and was paid \$150.00 a year. After working for five years, Cannon saved enough money to go to law school for six months. He completed this schooling and moved to Shelbyville, Illinois, where he tried rather unsuccessfully to practice law. While there, a man paid his way to hear a Lincoln-Douglas debate in Charleston. Mr. Cannon was so impressed with Lincoln that he campaigned for him. Cannon later said, "It rooted and grounded me in the principles for which Abraham Lincoln stood and upon which the Republican party was established. I became saturated with those principles and they have always remained in my system."<sup>4</sup>

Cannon left Shelbyville and moved to Tuscola, Illinois. After living there a year, his mother and his brother Will joined him. In 1861, he became District Attorney and held this job until 1868, the year he married. In 1872 he was elected to the House of Representatives. During the time that Mr. Cannon was serving in the House, his brother moved to Danville, Illinois, and founded

<sup>1</sup> Roger Butterfield, *The American Past* (New York, 1947), p. 337.

<sup>2</sup> Otto Charmichael, "Uncle Joe as Speaker," *The World's Work*, VII (December, 1903), p. 4196.

<sup>3</sup> Carrie Partlow Carter, *Joseph Cannon and the Struggle Over the Powers of the Speaker in the Sixty-First Congress* (Thesis, University of Illinois, 1934), pp. 1-8. Unless otherwise stated, all biographical material is from this source.

<sup>4</sup> Joseph Gurney Cannon, "Party Discipline," *The Saturday Evening Post*, CIHC (September 27, 1924), p. 4.



a bank there. In 1876, Joseph Cannon and his family joined Will, and made Danville their permanent home.

Mr. Cannon served in the House of Representatives for 46 years. Except for his defeats in 1890 and 1913, he served continuously from 1872 until 1923, when he retired. He was Speaker of the House for eight years, during which time he became known as the "Czar of the House."

It would be a mistake, however, to believe that Cannon became well known only when he was elected Speaker of the House. Due to an incident that occurred while he was giving his "maiden speech" in the House, he was introduced to the public. Cannon said, "I was loaded for a speech to enlighten the House and the country." However, he had only started when he was interrupted by a heckler: "The gentleman from Illinois seems to have oats in his pockets." "Yes," retorted Cannon, "and hayseed in my hair, and that's the style of most of my constituents. I hope that both are good seed and will grow good crops in the East." The press was delighted, and Mr. Cannon became known as the "Hayseed Member from Illinois."<sup>5</sup>

Because of replies like this, Uncle Joe became friendly with the press, although he definitely was not one to crave publicity. But, since to Easterners he personified the wild and woolly West, he made good copy. With his old wide-brimmed hat, his ruddy features, and his cigar stuck rakishly out of the corner of his mouth, he was a perfect subject for cartoons.<sup>6</sup>

He made a picture just standing, but in action he looked like a character out of a silent movie. Representative Clark, who succeeded Cannon as Speaker of the House, said,

I confess that seeing Mr. Speaker Cannon in action has always interested me quite as much as what he said. He always appeared to me to be made up chiefly of spiral springs. In the heat of debate, . . . I once saw him make a complete circle on his heel.<sup>7</sup>

Representative Gillett of Massachusetts agreed:

You should have seen him . . . in the thick of the fray, without manuscript or notes, but all ablaze with energy, entertaining the House with his powerful and ingenious arguments . . . In debate his directness, his shrewdness, his brightness of illustration, and his gymnastics always attracted universal attention . . . Once while he was making a speech with his customary vigor, rising on his toes and prancing up and down the aisle, Mr. Reed called out to him, *sotto voce*: 'Joe are you making this speech on mileage?'<sup>8</sup>

Cannon's style of speaking also accounted for the first notoriety that he acquired in the House. The incident involved "Sunset" Cox, a Representative from Ohio, and Cannon. One day Cox was "running amuck," as Uncle Joe

<sup>5</sup> White Busbey, *Uncle Joe Cannon* (New York, 1927), pp. 132-3.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, p. xxxvi.

<sup>7</sup> "Forty Years of Uncle Joe," *The Literary Digest*, LII (May 20, 1916), p. 1494.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 1493-1494.



said, "attacking the Republican party as only he could." Finally Uncle Joe could stand it no longer. "I jumped up and said, 'Will the gentleman yield?'" At first Cox refused, but then a smile came over his face and he yielded the floor. "'For what time?' inquired the Speaker. 'As long as the gentleman will keep his left hand in his pocket,' answered Cox. I accepted and began vigorously to defend my views, but I had not talked sixty seconds until I forgot all about the left hand, and out it came. 'Time's up,' said Cox. And it was up."<sup>9</sup>

The public became well acquainted with Uncle Joe, because he displayed many of his characteristics very candidly while speaking. As was shown in the "hayseed incident," he was a quick thinker. His early life might have accounted for this. The Cannon family often gathered in the living room, and Dr. Cannon would bring up some question. Cannon and his brother would debate it, while their father acted as umpire. Uncle Joe later said, "We learned to think on our feet, to think and talk at the same time."<sup>10</sup>

In 1874, when Cannon was running for re-election, his opponent was James H. Pickerel. Pickerel was a farmer and a stock-raiser, and a very clever politician. When a crowd gathered to see the fine bull that he took to county fairs, he would make a political speech. While Uncle Joe was making a speech at a county fair in Champaign, Pickerel trotted out his bull a little distance away, and began distracting the crowd. Finally Cannon realized that he couldn't hold the audience much longer, so he said, "I would like to know whether you are going to vote to send Pickerel or the bull to Congress in my place." The crowd returned, and the day was Uncle Joe's.<sup>11</sup>

When I talked to anyone who knew Mr. Cannon, there was always some joking about his profanity. I talked to one of Uncle Joe's closest friends, Mr. Joseph Barnhart, who lives in Danville. He admitted that Cannon was prone to swear a little. Mrs. Barnhart, who was sitting in the room, said, "Now, Joe, you know he couldn't talk unless he swore." Then she turned to me and said, "I remember when we were at a convention with him in Chicago, and the photographers were taking his picture. Uncle Joe turned to me and said, 'I don't know whether to say God damn 'em or God bless 'em.' This was typical of him."

Jokes attributed to Uncle Joe are still told around Danville. The best of these are ribald, or at least a little coarse. One joke that is perhaps milder than most concerns Cannon and a fellow Representative. The Representative had just finished raking Uncle Joe over the coals, and had done a fine job of it. After he had finished his tirade, Cannon turned away and remarked, "I won't go into his canine ancestry."

One mustn't assume, however, that Uncle Joe was only vulgar. As his secretary, Mr. L. W. Busbey, said:

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 1498.

<sup>10</sup> Busbey, pp. 39-40.

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 129-130.

The truth is, these men from the West, who belonged to that era, who had been brought up on the prairie and experienced the rugged life of the pioneer, brought with them to Washington the flavor of the soil and the tang of the farm, and their speech was racy of the land.<sup>12</sup>

Cannon himself said:

If I've been accused in later years of using language of emphasis that is not considered appropriate for Sunday School, I hope it may be put down to force of habit of speaking out where none were to hear me save myself and the horse that pulled the plow . . .<sup>13</sup>

Between God and me we got a sound understandin'. He knows my swearin' don't mean a thing, and I know it.<sup>14</sup>

Perhaps because Uncle Joe did use so much profanity, or because he had a ruddy complexion, it was often thought that he drank excessively. Actually, he did not. Mr. Barnhart said that he had never seen him drunk, and had never heard of anyone's seeing Cannon drunk. However, he did take an occasional drink. In fact, tea was served in his home with a shot of rum. Mr. Barnhart said that he had often heard Uncle Joe remark, "A man is a fool if he drinks before he is seventy, and he's a damn fool if he doesn't drink after seventy."

It was remarks like this one that the press loved. After they had printed several of them, people began to look on Uncle Joe as quite a humorist. However, his secretary, Mr. Busbey, said that this wasn't a true picture of Cannon. "What men called humor was really a native philosophy and the power to put in a sentence the essence of life or a complex problem in the words of an epigram."<sup>15</sup> For example, interviewers asked Uncle Joe whether men in public life could be impartial. Cannon answered, "The only thoroughly impartial man is a dead man."<sup>16</sup> When the Panama Canal was in the throes of construction, a reporter asked Uncle Joe what he thought of it. Cannon replied, "My boy, it's a simple matter of diggin' and dammin'."<sup>17</sup>

Cannon always gave the public something to laugh about, although it often wasn't intentional. He was notoriously a tightwad when it came to spending money on himself. Perhaps that was why his dress was rather careless. He wore an old-fashioned low collar "so big for his neck it seemed he could slip it over his head without unbuttoning." His unpressed and overlong trousers and sagging vest and coat were "large enough for a man half again as heavy."<sup>18</sup>

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. xxiv-xxv.

<sup>13</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 28.

<sup>14</sup> Walter Davenport, "Uncle Joe Got Tired," *Collier's*, LXXVIII (November 13, 1926), p. 28.

<sup>15</sup> Busbey, p. xxix.

<sup>16</sup> *Ibid.*, p. xxix.

<sup>17</sup> Joseph Hamilton Moore, *With Speaker Cannon through the Tropics* (Philadelphia, 1907), p. 280.

<sup>18</sup> Davenport, p. 28.



Once his daughter, Helen, convinced him that he should have a new coat, because the one he was wearing was green with age. Helen knew that he would never pay more than fifteen dollars for a new one, so she went downtown and made an arrangement with the owner of the clothing store to sell her father a sixty-dollar coat for fifteen dollars. Helen paid the difference. Uncle Joe went downtown, bought the coat, and, well pleased with the purchase, sauntered across the street to the bank. When several of the men there admired the coat, Uncle Joe shrugged, "It really didn't cost much." One of the men said, "I'll give you twenty-five dollars for it." Cannon cried "Sold!" and handed the man the coat. It was only when he went back to buy another one that he found out what had happened.

There is story after story about Uncle Joe, each one seeming to reveal a different side of him. The people loved these stories, and the press catered to the public. A Washington, D. C. paper, *The Star*, tells us that "Uncle Joe Cannon ran a close second to the late Colonel Roosevelt as the most photographed and most written about man on this continent."<sup>19</sup>

Since there was so much written about him, there were bound to be misprints. *The Star* recalls one such mistake:

A much read newspaper . . . once printed a picture of an attractive young woman in lingerie and boudoir robe, under which the amazed reader found this caption: 'Still wears 'em—Uncle Joe Cannon, the grand old man of the Republican party, and one of Illinois' Representatives in the House, rising to speak at a dinner in Chicago.' The mystery was explained when a picture of Mr. Cannon was found elsewhere in the paper with the comment: 'Boudoir robe with Oriental touch—from the East comes the imagination for this wonderful boudoir robe of panne velvet and silver metal cloth.'

Someone had switched captions.<sup>20</sup>

The press treated Uncle Joe jocularly, intentionally or unintentionally, and the stories told about him emphasize his humorous side. We should consider whether this was a true picture of Cannon. Uncle Joe felt that he should have been treated more seriously by the press.<sup>21</sup> He said:

I have come to look upon my name as simply a convenient vehicle to carry anything that may be found in an encyclopedia of eccentricities attributed to men in the last hundred years.<sup>22</sup> I have been represented as saying and doing so many fantastic things that I often wonder what sort of a man I really am.<sup>23</sup>

Anyone reading about Uncle Joe might wonder himself what Cannon was actually like. The press didn't seem to bring out characteristics which would

<sup>19</sup> "Taps for Uncle Joe," p. 40.

<sup>20</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 40.

<sup>21</sup> Busbey, p. xxvii.

<sup>22</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 30.

<sup>23</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 298.

account for his phenomenal political success. A man is not elected to the House of Representatives for fourteen terms, or chosen to be Speaker of the House for four terms simply because people are amused by him. What does explain his success?

Although he was "... never in any sense a statesman, Joseph Gurney Cannon was a master of the game of politics and of the equally engrossing game of managing legislators."<sup>24</sup> For "... combined with courage, honesty, and a fixed principle, he had political sense and a deep understanding of human nature."<sup>25</sup>

"In the ordinary sense of the word he was not a politician. . . . He could not be a politician because he had in him that Quaker characteristic which the world calls obstinacy, but is really conscience."<sup>26</sup> Cannon said, "No man is a proper person to represent the people unless he has the honesty and the backbone to stand and do the best he can, and do what is right and what is for the interests of his people, without reference to what anybody may say of him. . . ."<sup>27</sup>

It was because of this belief that Cannon was often severely criticized. While he was the Speaker of the House, it was the Speaker's duty to appoint the chairmen of all committees, and he could practically decide what bills he wanted brought before the House. During this time Cannon was accused of being the Czar of the House,<sup>28</sup> "... but no one, even when passion ran the highest ever accused him of being governed by an unworthy motive."<sup>29</sup> He did what he thought was best for his party.

Throughout his career, he was always a strong party man—a Republican through and through.<sup>30</sup> Many criticized his devotion to his party, saying that it "retarded the country." *Current Opinion* said, "In his personal life Uncle Joe is lovable. In his creed of party he is not to be followed."<sup>31</sup>

Whether he was right or wrong, Cannon believed that parties are necessary in our government. "The rule of the majority was his cardinal article of political faith."<sup>32</sup> Uncle Joe once said, "It's a damned good thing to remember in politics to stick to your party and never attempt to buy favor of your enemies at the expense of your friends."<sup>33</sup>

What was it about Cannon that enabled him to gain the admiration and affection of so many people who knew him? His fellow Representatives and

<sup>24</sup> "Uncle Joe' Cannon," *The Outlook*, CVIC (November 24, 1926), p. 393.

<sup>25</sup> Busbey, p. xxiv.

<sup>26</sup> *Ibid.*, p. xxxvi.

<sup>27</sup> Moore, p. 78.

<sup>28</sup> *The Outlook*, p. 393.

<sup>29</sup> Busbey, p. xiii.

<sup>30</sup> Charmichael, p. 4197.

<sup>31</sup> Dr. Frank Crane, "Uncle Joe," *Current Opinion*, LXXII (April 23, 1922), pp. 597-598.

<sup>32</sup> Busbey, p. xviii.

<sup>33</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 269.



his personal friends each seem to answer this question a little differently. For example, men praised him for his absolute integrity, his earnestness in conviction, his fearlessness, and his frankness. Speaker Champ Clark said that Uncle Joe was one of the "... most thoroughly common-sense men that ever came down the Congressional pike."<sup>34</sup>

Representative Gillett of Massachusetts said, "He was by nature a floor leader. He had the courage . . . and that quickness of mind and tongue accelerating under fire which makes a man effective on this floor."<sup>35</sup> Although he wasn't always considerate of the feelings of his opponent, "He always fought fair; he never hit below the belt; and that is the reason that he won out."<sup>36</sup> No matter how heartily Uncle Joe disliked his opponents, "... there was seldom, if ever, anything personal about his dislikes, and never any malice."<sup>37</sup>

With all of these admirable traits, it is only natural to find some flaws in Uncle Joe's character. However, the characteristic that men most criticized was his lack of imagination. *Outlook* said, "He was quite incapable of exercising imagination in the understanding of other points of view. . . ." This "... was shown in his riding around among the sensitive and polite people of Porto Rico with his feet resting higher than his head, and with his cigar tilted at an angle from the corner of his mouth."<sup>38</sup> *Literary Digest* felt that "his lack of imagination left him cold to the esthetic side of life."<sup>39</sup>

Yet, "There was something of the soil of America about him,"<sup>40</sup> that made people forget his lack of imagination. "There was a homely simplicity, a lovable nobility of spirit, which bound to him in affection those whom he enthralled."<sup>41</sup> "He captured and dominated the imagination of his countrymen . . . ,"<sup>42</sup> and by doing so, acquired his nickname.

Yes, as Mr. Busbey said, "The men who knew him were a legion, but," he goes on, "few knew the real man . . . There was in him a vein of emotion, an exquisite sentiment, a softness that seldom revealed itself to the public."<sup>43</sup> Perhaps this was because Uncle Joe "... was always a fighter, and a fighter does not exhibit his softer side to the public."<sup>44</sup>

A reporter for the New York *World*, Kate Carew, wrote in 1904, "Uncle Joe was gallant, gay, with graceful social gifts and a store of old-fashioned

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<sup>34</sup> *A Record of the Testimonial Dinner to Honorable Joseph G. Cannon* (Washington, D. C., 1913), p. 29.

<sup>35</sup> "Forty Years of Uncle Joe," p. 1494.

<sup>36</sup> *A Record of the Testimonial Dinner* . . . , p. 76.

<sup>37</sup> Busbey, p. xvi.

<sup>38</sup> *The Outlook*, p. 393.

<sup>39</sup> "Taps for Uncle Joe," p. 42.

<sup>40</sup> *The Outlook*, p. 393.

<sup>41</sup> George Rothwell Brown, *The Leadership of Congress* (Indianapolis, 1923), p. 112.

<sup>42</sup> "Taps for Uncle Joe," p. 42.

<sup>43</sup> Busbey, pp. xiii-xiv.

<sup>44</sup> *Ibid.*, p. xvi.

chivalry . . . He had a deep and strong fibre of sentiment.”<sup>45</sup> In all my reading, this was the only reference, besides Busbey’s, that was made to his sentimentality. Perhaps it is significant that the reporter was a woman. Whether it is or not, at least someone saw one of his most overlooked characteristics. Uncle Joe suggests this quality in his own words:

I wouldn’t give three whoops for a man whose heart did not beat fast, whose eyes did not take fire, whose spirit did not swell, who would not be moved by a woman’s pleading, by noble oratory or noble acting, by the carols of birds and the voices of young children, by any human action through which the spirit in one spoke to the spirit in others.<sup>46</sup>

Once on his birthday, the hometown folks had given him an ovation “ . . . which made him the happiest man in Danville.” Then he rose and said, ‘My friends’—but he could go no further.”<sup>47</sup> Sentiment is just another side of Uncle Joe, a side which is known to very few.

But, after everything has been said about Joseph Gurney Cannon, one word seems to sum up his characteristics. Elihu Root, in paying tribute to Uncle Joe at a dinner in Cannon’s honor, said, “I am glad to congratulate you . . . because you are real.”<sup>48</sup>

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<sup>45</sup> *Ibid.*, p. xxviii.

<sup>46</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 38.

<sup>47</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 314-315.

<sup>48</sup> *A Record of the Testimonial Dinner* . . . , p. 34.



# The Wonderful Quarter

NANCY L. MULLENIX  
*Rhetoric 101, Final Examination*

IT WAS A SILENT, SULTRY AFTERNOON AS SUNDAYS usually are in "one-horse" towns. Now and then the slamming of the restaurant door was heard as town bachelors went to dinner, and occasionally a car or two crept down the highway past the small group of farmers who were sitting on the curb discussing crops and weather and politics. The child leaning against the iron railing outside the cafe was growing impatient but amused herself by daydreaming, because she was accustomed to waiting for her talkative father. She wriggled her toes, one by one, out between the straps of her sandals and back in again, and then scrooched her toes as far back as possible, trying to get them out of her shoe without unbuckling the straps. After a flip-flop and a skin-the-cat on the railing, she leaned against the dingy brick wall and wished her father would come on. Then her eyes rested on the signboard in the drugstore window across the street.

"Boy, would that taste good," she thought. "Ice cream is about the best thing there is on a day like this."

The cool, melting edges of the ice cream cone were temptingly displayed, and the child's eyes grew wider as she gazed wistfully at the tasty looking signboard.

Gee, if she only had a nickel . . . Let's see . . . She'd get a strawberry dip and a lime dip. They'd look really pretty—or maybe two strawberries, since it was really the best ice cream. She'd eat it very slowly to make it last a long time. Oh, well, she didn't have a nickel anyway.

After several more skin-the-cats she turned again to the ice cream cone. A nickel wasn't much. Maybe Daddy would . . . No, he wouldn't. Anyhow, none of the kids were supposed to ask for money, ever. Still . . . on Sunday . . . and she was the only one here . . . on a hot Sunday afternoon. Maybe just one nickel wouldn't hurt.

She hesitated, then walked halfway to the men, who were still talking, hesitated again, and walked back to the railing.

Maybe he'd get mad if she asked him. Maybe he'd say "absolutely not" and make her sit in the car. Well, anyway, it couldn't be much more tiresome than here. It would be different at least.

She let go of the railing and took a deep, determined breath. Slowly she walked to the sandy-haired man sitting on the corner and timidly jerked his shirtsleeve.

"Daddy," the voice was barely above a whisper, "may I have a nickel?"

He was a slight man, deeply tanned and leather skinned, and he hesitated as he stood looking down at his skinny, pig-tailed, freckle-faced reflection. "A nickel? What for?"

"An ice cream cone." The child's eyes grew anxious as hope began to fade.

"Oh, an ice cream cone." He paused again, and a vague, sad look accompanied his smile as his hand dived into his jacket and handed her a coin. "Sure, honey, you can have a nickel."

The child grasped the coin and looked at it, not believing. A quarter. A whole quarter for her—and she'd only asked for a nickel.

"Oh thank you, daddy. Thanks a lot!"

I remember that day as if it were yesterday instead of fifteen years ago and as if I'd been an interested bystander instead of a tow-headed six-year-old longing for an ice cream cone.

Now, as I think back, I realize that my father used that quarter very wisely, whether he knew it or not. My father died the following summer, and as timed passed I had to look at a picture to recall his sandy hair and blue eyes; but, all by myself, I can insert into that picture the qualities of a good man—a man who remained gentle throughout the hardships of drouth years, crop failures, and a family of eight to feed and clothe. He was a man who wouldn't let poverty beat him down and kick him in the face. In the days when quarters were hard to get but would buy three loaves of bread, two gallons of gas, or a badly needed textbook, my father had hope and faith enough to give one of these precious coins to a scrawny, scared-looking kid to squander on ice cream.

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### MY EDUCATED UNCLE

If sense of humor be one of the hallmarks of an educated man, then my uncle is indeed educated. His is not the ribald, slapstick humor of the usual radio jokester. Indeed, perhaps the average Jackie Gleason fan would not even understand some of Uncle Norm's puns. My uncle has a subtle, whimsical type of humor that you have to look for. His jokes are so apt, so interwoven with the general conversation, that listening to him reminds me of walking along a sandy beach, and being delighted by finding shiny seashells where I least expect them.

DIANNE BAUMANN, 101



# How to Hunt Squirrels

DAN A. GODEKE  
*Rhetoric 101, Theme No. 1*

SQUIRREL HUNTING IS A SPORT LONG ENJOYED BY THE American public. In the early days of our country, the squirrel was an important food commodity, but, due to the decrease in numbers, it is today only a small game animal. Some sportsmen shun this little "tree rat" because, as the saying goes, "Anybody can hit a squirrel." However, squirrel hunting is different from most sports in that the thrill is not in the shooting, but in the hunting. Although I am not an authority on the subject, I will try to present some of the aspects of a typical squirrel hunt.

The first steps taken toward any hunt are those of preparation. Because most squirrel hunting is done during the early hours of morning, all preparation must be taken care of in the evening. A good hunter travels light, but he must have two things: a proper outfit and a good gun. These articles should be laid out during the evening so that the morning will go like clockwork.

A squirrel hunting outfit consists of four parts: the suit, the shoes, the hat, and the coat or vest. The suit should be either green or brown. A mixture of the two is even better. It is better if the colors are dull, because dull colors seem to melt into the underbrush. A fine outfit can be made from an army fatigue uniform, the older the better. The shoes should have thin, rubber soles. An old pair of tennis shoes will do the trick. Many good hunters use no shoes at all, however. Wearing a hat is optional. However, if a person has very light or very dark hair, it is to his advantage to wear a hat. A coat or vest, containing a game pocket, a knife, matches, and extra shells round out the personal equipment, leaving only the gun to be selected.

The gun varies according to personal likes and dislikes. However, most successful hunters use either a 12-gauge shotgun with a heavy load, or a .22 cal. repeating rifle. The reason for this is that a squirrel, high in a tree, can absorb a large amount of shot and still remain in the tree. The 12-gauge has enough penetration to kill the squirrel instantly if the shot is well placed. The better shots use a rifle because a ball between the eyes draws little comment from the squirrel and, at the same time, leaves the meat intact. Now that the gun and outfit have been laid out, the hunter is ready to go. He sets the alarm for 4:30 o'clock and goes to bed.

At 4:30 A.M. the hunter awakens with a start. He goes to the window and peers out. It's a perfect day! Not a breath of air is stirring. The hunter's natural impulse is to dress quickly, grab his gun, and hurry to the hunting woods. But, one of the most important preparations for a hunt is a good breakfast. The hunter who skips breakfast is often annoyed by upset stomach and stomach cramps during the excitement of the hunt.

When the breakfast is finished the hunter makes a final check of equipment and then climbs into his car, unless he is fortunate enough to have a woods nearby. By the time the hunter reaches the woods it is about 5:00 o'clock. As soon as he enters the woods, he is all ears. The most common way to locate a squirrel is by the sound of the nut hulls hitting the ground while a squirrel is feeding, or, as it is commonly termed, "cutting." When a hunter hears a squirrel cutting, he must then determine what type it is. There are only two types of game squirrels, and the cuttings of the two are distinctly different. The "fox" or "red" squirrel's cuttings are rather large, and are dropped in evenly spaced intervals, while a "gray" squirrel's cuttings are pin-point small and fall with great rapidity, sounding much like the light patter of rain. It is imperative that the hunter determine the variety, because the two are hunted in entirely different ways.

After a hunter has classified a squirrel, his next step is to locate it. This is rather easily accomplished on a still morning, because a squirrel generally makes quite a commotion while feeding, and the shaking trees can be seen for some distance. However, it is at this point that the inexperienced hunter loses his squirrel. Although he marks the top of the tree well, he fails to follow it down to the trunk. When he moves off a few steps, the squirrel stops feeding, and all the tree tops look the same. It is then almost impossible to relocate the squirrel.

Now that the squirrel has been typed and located, the actual stalking begins. If the animal is a "gray," the process is painstaking. The hunter must take his eyes off the squirrel and concentrate on making absolutely no noise at all. Should the "gray" hear an unusual sound, he will react in one of two ways, both of which are very effective. He may scamper up the tree to a large branch and "sit it out," or he may try running through the tree tops. Few indeed are the hunters who have "outsat" a "gray," and fewer still are those who have won the race to the den tree. However, if the hunter is very careful, he can get within twenty-five yards of a feeding "gray" without being seen or heard. This done, the game is over. When dealing with fox squirrels, however, it is a different matter.

To begin with, the fox squirrel has been named thus because of his color, not because of his brains. As a matter of fact, he seems to be somewhat dull. This trait makes him an easier animal to hunt than the gray. When a "fox" has been typed and located, he must be stalked much like a "gray" up to a certain point. Then the change is great. The hunter sneaks to within thirty-five yards of the squirrel. Then, exposing himself completely, the hunter runs the next twenty yards as fast as he can. For some reason this action seems to frustrate the "fox," and he generally freezes, thus making the shot a simple one. However, if the "fox" should decide to sit it out, it is a good idea to sit with him, because, unlike the "gray," the "fox" will show himself after about ten minutes of quietness.

Each time a shot is fired the above steps are re-enacted until the limit of five squirrels is reached. But I must add in closing that squirrels are unpredictable and often the conventional method will not work. A true understanding of squirrel hunting may not be gained by reading alone. It is not often that an inexperienced person can tack five tails to the barn door after a morning in the woods.

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## T. V. A. and Creeping Socialism

GEORGE C. BAUMGARTNER

*Placement Theme*

THE TENNESSEE VALLEY AUTHORITY IS A FEDERAL government agency designed to promote the general prosperity of the Tennessee Valley. In complying with this general purpose, T. V. A. has several general objectives.

At the inception of the Tennessee Valley Authority the main objectives were to develop the Tennessee River, which was practically unnavigable, by the installation of dams and canals, and also the rehabilitation of the valley's industrial resources.

Some of the minor objectives of the T. V. A. include: the development of recreational areas, the production of fertilizer, control of soil erosion, and increased employment in the nation in general.

Before the Tennessee Valley Authority was inaugurated in 1933, the Tennessee Valley was almost non-productive in proportion to its potential. Private owners had exploited the natural resources of the area for their own gain. Many mines and factories were falling into disrepair. The labor problem was becoming grave. Thousands were unemployed.

Since the beginning of T. V. A., however, the valley has become one of the most fertile regions in the country. Electricity is now plentiful in comparison to the condition a few years ago when few people had electric lights.

Even in the light of these developments, though, many people contend that the Tennessee Valley Authority is an example of "creeping socialism." These critics of T. V. A. cite many reasons for their opposition. Perhaps the primary objection is to the generation of power by steam generating plants. Power was to be a by-product of the dams. It is now a primary function of the authority. Despite the fact that there are many private power companies in adjoining states that could supply all the necessary power, the federal government continues to generate the power for the area. The opponents of T. V. A. hold that this invasion of the federal government into the field of private power is an example of "creeping socialism." Most of



the inhabitants of Tennessee have shown their complete support of the authority by the election of proponents of T. V. A., however.

Another major point of opposition is the cost of T. V. A. to the rest of the nation. The original investment for T. V. A. had to come from the rest of the country because the Tennessee Valley was too poor to support the project itself. Now that the T. V. A. is self-supporting the rest of the country continues to lose markets which the Tennessee Valley has acquired.

The Tennessee Valley Authority is, perhaps, "creeping socialism." The proponents of T. V. A. contend, however, that because the Tennessee Valley Authority has accomplished such miracles, other areas of the country need such "socialism."

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## Kill the Coyotes

RICHARD ABBUHL

*Rhetoric 102, Theme No. 6*

"KILL THE COYOTES!" THAT WAS THE CRY THAT CAME from the Arizona sheep raisers not many years ago. The coyotes had been killing the ranchers' sheep, and the sheep owners wanted it stopped. Pressure was brought to bear on government officials, and they finally responded by declaring open season on coyotes and by offering a bounty for the hides. After all, coyotes weren't good for anything.

A few zoologists tried unsuccessfully to explain that there exists among the animal kingdom a condition of dynamic equilibrium commonly referred to as the "balance of nature." The balance of nature concept maintains that all animals are interdependent upon one another and that the populations are kept in check by such factors as predators, disease, and available food supply. In view of this fact, the zoologists maintained that the direct extermination of coyotes would cause other indirect changes in the rest of the animal populations.

The coyotes never had a chance. A campaign worthy of a five-star general was put into action. Coyotes were hunted on foot, from horseback, from jeeps and trucks, and even from airplanes. Automatic rifle-traps, poison, and even clubs were used to kill the unlucky animal whose only defense was running—but everywhere he ran there were coyote hunters with dogs.

In a short while the battle was over. The sheep raiser had won. The coyote population was reduced almost to the point of extinction. Everyone—or almost everyone—was happy, and peace reigned over the flocks of sheep once more. There were very few people who mourned the passing of the coyote or who missed his mournful cry on moonlight nights. Fewer yet expected the results of the battle to cause the sheep raisers more trouble than they had had before.

Coyotes had fed chiefly on jack rabbits, killing an occasional sheep in times when rabbits were scarce. The jack rabbits, their major population control removed, increased unchecked. It became common to see twenty to thirty rabbits together at one time. Although jack rabbits don't kill and eat sheep as coyotes do, they do eat the grass that sheep need to survive. In no time at all the increased numbers of jack rabbits had stripped the range of grass. The available supply of grass could not support both rabbits and sheep, and both starved.

The sheep ranchers have not been as successful in killing the rabbit population as they were in killing the coyotes. Their flocks are greatly reduced and often fed from the barn, but the number of rabbits is gradually diminishing due to the insufficient food supply. The ranchers listen eagerly for the yapping of the coyote packs and remember longingly when the coyote was king, for only the return of the coyote can bring complete relief to the struggling rancher.

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## My Theory of Religion

DOROTHY TURNER

*Placement Theme*

FROM THE DAWN OF RECORDED HISTORY, MAN HAS sought solace from the insecurities of a frightening world in some form of worship.

The stages of development in man's religious history, from the worship of thunder and other physical phenomena of the earth to the Stoics to present-day liberal interpretation of religious doctrines, have been turbulent, and oftentimes disastrous. It would be difficult, indeed, to decide whether or not the churnings of religious sentiment have been the real reason for fomenting many—if not all—of the chaotic wars of our world.

A man's religion, however, necessarily colors his whole thinking and thus becomes a basis for his actions. It seems to me that the vast majority of the religions which man has contrived for himself have been, for the most part, a hindrance to his freedom. Also, this hindrance far outweighs in value the security he may receive from it. Here, I am speaking mainly of the authoritarian religions—those which bind the minds of their members with unreasonable dogma and presuppose themselves to have access to all knowledge of God and deem themselves God's "favored" emissaries.

To me, knowledge of God is impossible and I hold that no church, no religious organization of any kind nor any leaders of such organizations can possibly know, any more than I know, what the true nature of God is or how God functions. This is an agnostic's belief. An agnostic, how-

ever, does not say that the *idea* of God, or a God, cannot or does not exist. To have a faith in something, it seems to me, is quite different from arriving at a conclusion through the scientific or intellectual process. Would that all religions could define the difference.

Religion has been, for too long, totally immersed in emotionalism and the result has been the fabrication of preposterous "fairy stories." Emotion plays its part in one's religious development, and I have been no less affected in this respect than the orthodox religionist, but I cannot sanction nor respect that religion which colors the cloth of historical and scientific truth and weaves into it a pattern of self-sustaining lies.

Because a man, supposedly, does not "stand still" in his growth to emotional and intellectual maturity, it does not seem possible to me that he could remain unmoved or unchanged where his religious ideas are concerned, unless of course some wise thaumaturge has swooped down from an allegorical heaven and injected a "truth serum"—or, if you please, wisdom—to enable the dogmatists to digest ideas with far greater circumspection than most of us have at the age when we are struck with curiosity about God.

To question my religion intellectually and systematically with as little emotional tie as possible is my basic method. Unless a man believes something with his whole mind, how can we expect his emotional ties to be strong enough to withstand the onslaughts of a critical society? If a man can believe something with his whole mind as well as with his intuitive heart, he has gained my respect regardless of how much or how strongly I may disagree. Such a man must necessarily be strong in character and honest in point of view.

My religion needs no stone edifice to glorify its beauty. I feel no need for enmeshing myself in a religious organization for the sake of "security," nor do I feel the need to conform to the group—to follow the popular path. My church is my own body; its temple, my mind; and the dwelling place of my God is my heart. Because it is good to mingle with those of like aspirations, I have aligned myself with a fellowship of seekers who call themselves Unitarians.

My God is *one* God—a triune God is not only unreasonable to me, but highly unpalatable emotionally. To me God represents the gigantic wonder, the cohesiveness of the universe. I see God every day, in all places, yet I do not understand God in the least. After having exhausted all plausible, scientific reckoning concerning the universe and being still confronted with the all-baffling mysteries of birth, sex, growth, death and creation, I suppose most agnostics pour that which is not known into one huge vessel of the heart and call it "God."

My faith is in freedom and I demand freedom in my religion as well as in my political and economic government. Freedom, it seems to me, implies that a man know truth, or at least be able to search for truths, without hindrance to his conscience. Why should a man be chastised because he deviates from popular conceptions of government or religion? It seems that fear of



change has us all "hog-tied," which is a pity, for we cannot hope for that nebulous thing called "progress" unless we experiment boldly and question courageously.

An idea, whether it be of religion, of government—either political or economic—or of the relativity of time and matter, must be grounded, pounded, sifted and strained through the mill of the analytical mind before it can be judged "good" for mankind. Faith that a belief is good for mankind should warrant no fear of being crushed or defiled in this process of evaluation. Ultimately, mankind will accept it.

I believe in the brotherhood of man, the idea of a federated world, the principle of evolving truth, freedom in the quest for the high values which mold my life, the divinity of the universe and, hence, of man, and the right—no, the obligation—of every man who would really be free to search for his God (or lack of one) with all the questioning apparatus available to him, without fear of reprisal or chastisement—and the freedom to make mistakes in judgment, as we all will do.

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## TAPS

Taps return memories of the strained faces during aerial combat runs, eyes peering out from behind oxygen masks, eyes that were scared, eyes set in blanched faces, contrasting with the black rubber of the oxygen masks. I remember the incoming mortar rounds shaking the roof of the bunker, causing the sand to slip down between the logs of the roof, cascading over me, filling my eyes and covering my clothes with the Korean soil. I can smell the pungent odor of cordite. I recall the moments of rest when it stopped, the exhausted men trying to relax, trying to ease the pressure, the cigarettes, the grinning smoke-exhaling mouths, and the silence. I remember seeing men's emotions laid bare in the great adventure we call war.

CHARLES DESENFANTS, 101

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